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After the Town Goes Dry

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King's



**AFTER
THE TOWN GOES
DRY**

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AFTER THE TOWN GOES DRY

BY
HENRY C. TAYLOR

WITH COVER AND CARTOONS
BY
"KING" OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE



CHICAGO
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LOAN STACK

GIFT

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PREFACE

At the present writing, prohibition is the subject of the hour and is necessarily made the basis of many jokes and stories. AFTER THE TOWN GOES DRY does not intend to take either side of this big question, but has simply looked at the funny angles of the situations which have arisen and which will arise out of the "bone dry" law. If any of the material in this little book takes the opposite of your view—put the reverse on the story and laugh, chuckle or grin. If you do this, the book is worth while and will have served its purpose.

THE TOWN GOES
AFTER
THE
DICK

THE TOWN GOES
AFTER
THE
DICK

AFTER THE TOWN GOES DRY

July 1, 1919

"Looks like rain today!"

"Yes, and it tastes like it, too."

* * *

SOLACE

"Whiskey has killed more people than bullets."

"Just the same, I'd rather be full of whiskey than bullets," said he.

* * *

Kisses are intoxicating. Come on, let's get soused.

* * *

Pretty hard to get a room with bath these days, isn't it?

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Government operatives used to discover the illicit still in the mountain districts of Kentucky by the smell in the air. Just the other day a still was located in the heart of New York city through one of the gang squealing. It was discovered that by hanging wet blankets above the boiling "mash," the odor was absorbed in the blankets and would not escape. They did a big business by drying these blankets and charging five dollars an hour for a sleep under them.

* * *

GAVE HIM AN EXCUSE

Mrs. Brown—"It said in the paper that whiskey can be made of sawdust."

Mrs. Green—"My husband read that, and I wished he hadn't. He's such a temperance crank he vowed he'll never saw another stick of wood."

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YOU NEVER CAN TELL

Ring Lardner says that the camel will soon replace the eagle as the national bird.

* * *

The day before national prohibition went into effect, a man purchased a jug of whiskey. Not wanting to carry it about with him, he decided to leave it at the grocery until he was ready to go home. In order that he might identify his jug easily, he took a deck of cards from his pocket and attached the five-spot of hearts to the handle of the jug. He returned later and the jug was gone.

"Jim!" he cried to the proprietor of the store, "what became of the jug I left here a while ago?"

"Jake Harris came along with the ace of hearts and took it."

After The Town Goes Dry

OH, YOU SI—LO!

Now we begin to see why farmers have been continually advised to build silos. A dry leader in the East is horrified to discover that the liquor accumulated at the bottom of the tank is highly intoxicating. John Barley-corn is trying to make a conquest of the farm animals, as it were.


* * *

FORE!

There is no nineteenth on the golf course now. Curses!

* * *

When filled with wine, O Lady Mine,
Why then I did believe-o,
That you were fair, but will I dare
To combine you and Bevo?



SURE YA CAN
WALK A CRACK
ALL RIGHT, OL' TOP,
BUT WHO'S THAT
WITH YA?

The old familiar lamp post
must go.

After The Town Goes Dry

How dear to my heart is the old vil-
lage drug store,

When tired and thirsty it comes to
my view.

The wide spreading sign that asks you
to "Try it!"

Vim, Vaseline, Vermifuge, Hop Bit-
ters, too.

The rusty old stove and the cuspidor
by it.

That little backroom, Oh! you've
been there yourself,

And ofttimes have gone for the doc-
tor's prescription,

But tackled the bottle that stood on
the shelf.

The friendly old bottle,

The plain labeled bottle,

The "Hair Tonic" bottle that stood
on the shelf.

After The Town Goes Dry

How oft have I seized it with hands
that were glowing,
And guzzled away 'ere I set off for
home;
I owned the whole earth that night,
but next morning
My head felt as big as the capitol's
dome.
And when how I hurried away to re-
ceive it,
The druggist would smile o'er his
poisonous pelf,
And laugh as he poured out his un-
licensed bitters,
And filled up the bottle that stood
on the shelf.
The unlicensed bottle,
The unlabeled bottle,
That "Hair Tonic" bottle that
stood on the shelf.

—From "Ben King's Verse."

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OUT OF LUCK

“Hold up your mits!”

Up they went, for the terse command came from behind the shining barrel of a revolver.

“Your jack. All of it. Quick. No fooling. I shoot straight and fast.”

A mirthless cackle came from the pallid lips of the victim.

“My money? Ha-ha.”

The bandit wavered.

“Don’t—don’t tell me that you’re a traveling man?”

Again the laugh—more of a sob than a laugh, on second thought.

“Or an actor?”

“Actor, the dickens. I’m a saloon-keeper.”

“I beg your pardon, pal,” said the robber humbly. He slunk away into the night.

It was the morning of July 2.

After The Town Goes Dry

“I’ll take one for you and one for you,
And to that bar I’ll cling,
I’m very shy, but won’t go dry,
Oh Bevo, where’s thy sting?”

* * *

HOW TO GET DRUNK

Rub yourself externally with wood alcohol and then turn yourself inside out.

* * *

The situation isn’t hopeless—only
hopeless.



After The Town Goes Dry

A PROVIDENT WOMAN

The scene is laid in a drug store located in a Kentucky town.

A negress, having obtained permission from the proprietor to use the 'phone, the following ensued:

I want nine-fo'-two Blue, please, miss.

Ma'am?

Yes'm, nine-fo'-two Blue.

Is that the Kintucky Life Insu'ance Comp'ny?

I wants talk to Mistah Bell, the superintendah.

Is that you, Mistah Bell?

This is Ma'y Foley talkin'.

Ma'y Foley—Buck Foley's wife.

I lives down in Ca'ter Alley, 'twix' Harrison an' Pearl.

You-all wuz down my house yistiddy tryin' to insure my ol' man.

Yes, suh, Buck Foley.

After The Town Goes Dry

How much it cos' me to insure that niggah?

Twenty-fi' cents a week?

How much he git ef he git sick?

Fo' dollahs?

How much he git ef he die?

He don' git nothin'?

Well—who gits de money den?

Who?

Benny Fisher!

No, suh—this is Ma'y Foley, Buck Foley's wife, talkin'. I don't know no niggah name' Benny Fisher.

How come Benny Fisher gits my husban's money?

Yo're wrong, Mistah Bell. My name's Ma'y Foley. Nobody nevah did call me Benny Fisher.

Oh! Now I gits you. Dat's whut de comp'ny call me, benny fishy!

An' you say dat I can git seventy-fi' dollahs in case he die?

Well, c'n I take two policies on dat niggah?

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No, suh, he's well.

He's all right.

He's been back fum France three weeks, an' de las' time I saw him he wuz runnin'.

Wuz you down to ouah house dis mawnin', Mistah Bell?

Well, anyhow, dey wuz two gen'l-mans down there with two dawgs lookin' fo' him.

I wish you'd gimme two policies on him, Mistah Bell.

You caint?

Well, den, I sure wants one.

Well, suh, he's been bootleggin' some since he been back, an' someun said he got in a li'l' trouble las' night, an' this mawnin' I heerd de she'iff is daid.

—*J. George Rush, in Saturday Evening Post.*



Yes, after July 1st comic artists must resort to dry humor.

After The Town Goes Dry

POPULAR SONG HITS OF THE DAY

"Coming Thro' the Rye."

"Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes."

"When the Swallows Homeward Fly."

"Sailing Down the Sarsaparilla River on the Good Ship Lemonade."

"Gone Dry Forever," etc., instead of Tosti's "Good-Bye Forever," etc.

* * *

An ex-bartender got a job in a shoe store. A customer came in and said:

"I want a pair of shoes."

"What'll you have, light or dark?"
absent mindedly.

* * *

Congress promised us 12 per cent stuff. We got it. Two per cent kick and 10 per cent war tax. Add it up.

After The Town Goes Dry

A BARROOM SIGN SHOWN
IN 1919

DON'T ASK ME WHAT I'M
GOING TO DO AFTER THE
COUNTRY GOES BONE DRY.
WHAT IN "H——" ARE
YOU GOING TO DO?

* * *

"What makes you look so blue,
Jones?"

"The news that the country is to
go bone dry."

"Did you have money invested in
saloons?"

"No, I just bought the publishing
rights to a new drinking song."

* * *

Even if the country is dry, we still
have Wilson and Haig with us.

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DO NOT DESPAIR

Night life in the cities is not doomed to entire extinction. The Thompson restaurants still run twenty-four hours. On Main Street there is a cigar store which runs all night. And the drug store at Main and Center is never closed. Concerning the latter place we wish to advise that Perunick contains a rhummey of alcohol. We don't know exactly how much a rhummey is, but it's better than nothing. And the raw article is still for sale. One cannot drink it with the same reckless abandon as the finished product. But one may drink it. Or two. Or anybody. Wildmen, do not despair. John Barleycorn has gone, but some of his poor relation are with us. We still have Bevo. And if Bevo goes we will have Near-Bevo.

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ONE WAY

Embalming fluid is fifty per cent alcohol, but after you drink it one would go to another land and it may be "dry," so what's the use.

* * *

The theatres may safely cut down their "between acts" period. Nobody will want to go out now.

* * *

NO MORE

The Sahara Desert used to be the largest dry area in the world.



After The Town Goes Dry

THE BOOZEFIGHTER'S HYMN
OF HATE

Food and water, they matter not,
We'd not give a nickel for the lot,
We love them not,
We hate them not,
We have to bathe and we have to ate,
But we have all one single hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone,

P R O H I B I T I O N .

Take ye your grape juice if you will,
Or take a little liver pill,
Think ye that White Rock flows as
clear,
As a new drawn seidel of lager beer?
Think ye that Clysmic will bring a
shine
To your lady's eyes like a glass of
wine?

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YOU we will hate with a lasting hate,
We never will forego our hate,
Hate with each sober breath we draw,
Hate with each mem'ry of ice and
 straw,

Hate for the sunrise that ne'er shall
 see

Us soused and happy and full and
 free.

Hate for the narrow way we tread,
If we must be sober, why not be dead?
Hate of the water that lacks all vim,
Think ye we're fishes that like to swim?
Hate of the head that remains the
 same size,

Hate for the lost zoo that puzzled our
 eyes,

Hate of the ever steady hand,
What do we hate to beat the band?

P R O H I B I T I O N .

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THE POET'S PAGE

(First Verse)

Oh, little saloon,
Don't you cry,
You'll be a drug store,
By and bye.

(Second Verse)

Don't cry, little brewery,
Don't you cry,
You'll be grinding sausage,
By and bye.

* * *

Little drops of water,
Little drops of rye,
Make a darned good highball
When a man is dry.

* * *

There was a man in a dry town,
And he was wondrous clever,
For with great skill,
He built a still,
And now he's sober never.

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The demon Rye,
Was doomed to die,
On about the first of July.
He fought very hard
And kept on tryin',
But darn the luck,
There was too much Bryan.

* * *

The ex-bartender had taken a job raising mules. "I had to be in some business with a kick in it," he explained.

* * *

A soda is only a soda.
But the flowing bowl WAS a
DRINK.

* * *

Now that drinks are passé in restaurants, those places are like an old hollow tooth—nothing in 'em. They took the food out years ago.

After The Town Goes Dry

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED SINCE FATHER WAS A BOY

Chemists have discovered that alcohol can be manufactured in solid form and eaten instead of drunk. If this is possible, it will sound funny to go into a drink emporium and hear the following:

“Gimme a slice of bronx cocktail.”

“Cut off about twenty cents’ worth of rye whiskey.”

“A dime’s worth of gin caramels.”

“A package of Budweiser chewing gum.”

* * *

That justly famous trio, wine, women and song, needs must go out of business when the days of bone drought come upon the land, or find some substitute for wine. No two-legged stool can stand alone. Moreover, the substitute must be something to inspire the song, for who can sing on ice cream soda or nut sundae?



Think of all the classic taxicab pictures it's
going to spoil.

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NEWS IN 1920

Members of the idle rich class are reported to have found a new diversion. It consists of chartering a taxicab and ordering the driver to go round and round in a circle for a period of one or two hours. It is claimed that the bone-dry law does not cover this form of intoxication.

Society women are said to have found an excellent substitute for the extinct cocktail by dipping bon-bons in their cologne, à la the Robert W. Chambers heroine.

Although fashionable tailors have tried to bring the loose-fitting trousers back into style, their efforts have been balked by the federal authorities. Federal authorities look with suspicion upon a man with loose-fitting trousers. Loose-fitting pants hide many a bulging hip. "Tight trousers and a tight lid—that is my motto," said Inspector Searchem. "These

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hip-pocketeers are getting to be as thick as boot-leggers used to be."

Siphons, which used to be good for many a laugh on the musical comedy stage, have been sent to the storehouse. Theatrical men say there is no longer any humor in them. The public is no longer educated as to their original purpose, and can't see any fun in them.

—*A prophecy which appeared in the Chicago Herald-Examiner, 1919.*

* * *

"How's prohibition working out in your town?"

"Fine and dandy. The boys are just beginning to realize that a man's conversation is just as strong when he is sober and a blamed sight more reliable."

* * *

"Here's to you, old top."

"Where did you get the liquor?"

"Squeezed it out of a can of mince meat my wife made last year."

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So the "drys" sent out "four minute men"? Col. Bill says that four minutes is as long as a man can talk without perishing of his own dryness and driving his auditors to drink.

* * *

THE NEW SONG

EVERY DAY WILL BE SUNDAY WHEN
THE TOWN GOES DRY

Mister Prohibition says John Barley-
corn must go,

He must fly off with Old Crow and the
other brands we know.

Old John has been champion for years
without a doubt,

But now it looks as if they'll count
him out.

Soon cloves and Sen Sen will be out
of date,

When prohibition comes they'll get
the gate.

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Good-bye, Hunter; so long, Scotch;
Farewell, Haig and Haig;
Oh, my darling old frappe,
They will soon take you away,
At the table d'hôte with Lola
They will serve us Coca Cola;
No more saying: "Let me buy,"
No more coming thru the Rye;
Old Manhattan and Martini
Have received the big subpoena.
Ev'ry day'll be Sunday
When the town goes dry.

When the town goes dry a woman can't
drive you to drink,
If she does, just stop and think, she
will drive you to the sink;
Rich old men and women who have
champagne on the brain
Will have it with the accent on the
pain.
When prohibition knocks upon our
door,
Old Mister Bromo Seltzer will be sore.

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Good-bye, Hunter; so long, Scotch;
Farewell, Haig and Haig;
Oh, my little glass of brew,
They are handing it to you.
No more will you see those slackers
Flirting with the cheese and crackers;
No more saying: "Just one more,"
No more nightcap, no side door.
Then the hat you wear on Sunday
Won't be too small for you Monday.
Ev'ry day'll be Sunday
When the town goes dry.

Can you picture some big husky with
a pick and spade,
When it's ninety in the shade, drink-
ing warm, red lemonade?
Many bourbon tossers will enlist and
join the ranks,
Then ev'ry army will be full of tanks.
Then rubbers and umbrellas won't be
high,
They won't be needed when the town
is dry.

After The Town Goes Dry

Good-bye, Hunter; so long, Scotch;
Farewell Haig and Haig;
Oh, my little Sloe Gin Fizz,
You are going out of biz;
Ev'ry little Broadway daughter
Will be sipping Clysmic water;
No more saying: "Fill the pail,"
No more feet upon the rail;
You can bet that we will grieve, oh,
When we have to gargle Bevo.
Ev'ry day'll be Sunday
When the town goes dry.

—*By Wm. Jerome and Jack Mahoney, reprinted
by permission of Leo Feist, Inc.*

* * *

WE don't blame Hiram Ball of Grand Rapids for asking to have his name changed. Imagine the fellows calling out Hi Ball these dry times.

After The Town Goes Dry

Noah built an ark against the flood—how would he have prepared against a bone dry period? Of course, we know that he did, in a measure, since it is recorded that he drank himself under the table, so to speak. But he needed only a forty day supply. Maybe he would build a still today.

* * *

IT'S A TOOTH STILL

Harry Brown has a hollow tooth he would not have crowned for the world. He eats corn. The corn fills the cavity and ferments. Harry lays a bit of ice and lemon peel on his tongue and drinks water. He claims the combination is as nice a highball as a dry Hoosier could desire. Harry declares he can sit at a table with a federal officer, the town constable, and a prohibitionist and get "jagged" drinking the same water they drink, while they scratch their heads "plumb dumbfounded."



All latchkey stuff will be relegated to history.

After The Town Goes Dry

John Barleycorn's last order was a bier and J. B. thought National Prohibition would be a rumgo.

* * *

There is a certain element of uncertain New Yorkers who have wound a mourning band around their necks since July 1. Others, who you might label bereaved relatives, will hang crepe on their thirsts and display three service stars for their old Hennessy.

* * *

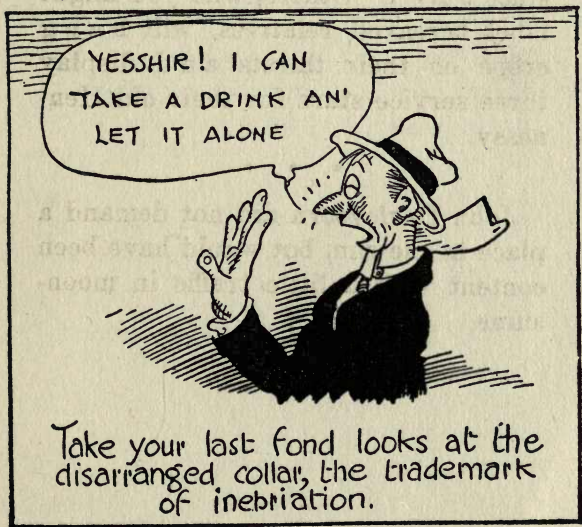
John Barleycorn did not demand a place in the sun, but would have been content with a little traffic in moonshine.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR THE THIRSTY

“Jewish Highball.” A glass of water with a nickel in it.

“Evelyn Cocktail.” A cocktail glass filled with chipped ice—watch it THAW.



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WHEN THE RETURNS CAME IN

There was a wild celebration by the drys when the returns came in from the various states showing a victory for prohibition. It was a regular old-fashioned jamboree, everybody getting spiffed and everything.

Peavey's drug store was crowded and Rev. Amos W. Hefflefinger stood on a chair and read the returns. Only thirty-one states had adopted the amendment and thirty-six were required to put it over. There was great anxiety and the large crowd drank copiously. The white-aproned bartenders back of the soda counter were kept busy. Moxie flowed as freely as water and Soako-Polo was consumed by the hogshead. Mountain Herb Bitters was opened by the quart by the élite and the very rich.

When the thirty-fifth state came in and the glad news was announced,

After The Town Goes Dry

everybody rushed to the fountain for another swig and then the long, dreary wait for the required thirty-sixth state began. It was along toward the wee sma' hours when Leonidas W. Hoopgarner, the prominent reformer, staggered to the ticker. He was under the influence of a large load of syphonated buttermilk. When he read the ticker he almost fell to the floor in his excitement. The last state had gone dry—Nebraska.

A wild scene followed. Several dignified persons said "Huzzah!" There was another mad scramble for the soda fountain and the president of the local organization was seen to actually nibble at a peanut sundae. It was his first drink of the evening.

Having taken one, he took another, and in an hour he was laboring under a forty-horsepower peanut sundae bun and they had to get him off into a

After The Town Goes Dry

corner and surround him to keep him from the prying eyes of the public.

"Call me a tashicabsh," he roared.

"You're a taxicab," roared several in reply. Whereat they all laughed merrily. Oh, it was a wild orgy!

At the fountain they had lactab put up in half-pint and pint flasks ready to be taken home by the celebrators when the party was over. They staggered home arm in arm when the bar closed at 10 o'clock.

Mr. Elijah T. Priddy, who had consumed numerous Kumyss cocktails during the evening, woke up next morning with his tongue feeling as large as a shredded wheat biscuit, but a quick trip to the Turkish bath rendered him fit for business.

The proceedings in the O. K. drug store on Main Street on the night the returns came in will probably never be published in full. The fountain

After The Town Goes Dry

an out of Bevo as early as 8 o'clock, and the crowd began singing: "How Dry I Am." When Mr. Elihu J. Cruikshank arrived with a half pint of celery bitters on his hip he was warmly welcomed. Reinforcements of ginger ale and lemon phosphate arrived about 9 o'clock, and the merry-making continued. The news from Nebraska was welcomed with wild enthusiasm, several members of the party ordering expensive drinks like Russian sundaes and banana flips.

It was probably the wildest night our town ever saw, and it is a matter for congratulation that we can never have another election like it.

—*Chicago Herald-Examiner*, 1919.

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Read*
Khaki Komedý?

by

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